



The Exhibitionist



sandwich

lunch

👁 4 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Mark

John queued for a sandwich. Although the sandwich he queued for was said to be excellent, time was ticking on and he was beginning to question his choice of lunch.

It probably wasn't too late to change his mind but he'd already invested twenty minutes in the queue and if he left now, he felt, that that time would have been wasted. Squandered, in fact. Unquestionably.

He was feeling anxious, if he was being honest with himself. He felt claustrophobic and alienated in the queue. These people all looked alike, sounded alike, and there were far too many of them. Where did they come from? What do they do? Where do they get that haircut?

He knew where they got their sandwiches anyway. He grinned at this, he had always been quite witty after all, and he turned and gave a knowing glance to the group behind him. They didn't acknowledge him, which he could admit in hindsight was probably for the best.

Adding to his, by now, considerable anxiety was the fact that his place in the queue had not yet

breached the shop interior, and as such he did not yet know what he was going to order. For this shop had daily specials, no fixed menu, and the staff were all hand-crafted.

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This was important to him, and he knew it. He had to look like he knew his way around, so that when the time came, he wouldn't welcome uncertainty.

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